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# The Bee

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As an  
Advertising Medium  
THIS PAPER STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL  
LONG TIME CONTRACTS MADE ON AP-  
PLICATION TO THIS OFFICE.

FOURTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892.

NO. 2.

## The Bee.

TERMS:  
Per Year (in advance) \$5.00  
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Has the finest and most secure vault in  
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OF THE UNITED STATES.

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ASSETS, . . . \$136,198,518.38  
Liabilities, 4 p. c. 109,905,537.82  
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—AND—

## Tinware.

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"Old Joker" has marked his goods so low,  
That everything is bound to go.

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Steam Engines,  
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With Through Car Service to Texas,  
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All lines connect with and have tickets on  
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Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for maps, time  
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to the Great Southwest.

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## DR. E. S. BAKER & SON,

## Oculists and Opticians,

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Treat all Diseases of the Eye, Perform  
Operations, Insert Artificial Eyes, Etc.  
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PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.

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America, and can Overcome any Difficulty  
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## W. H. HOFFMAN,

## DENTIST,

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Office on Main street, opposite North  
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## T. H. MERRIWEATHER,

## TONSORIAL ARTIST,

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Railroad St., EARLINGTON, KY.

If you want a first-class Shave, Shampoo  
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Children's hair-cutting a specialty.

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Out December 1st, all new and book stands and  
railway trains, price 50 cents, will be sent

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To all who send \$1 for 3 months' trial subscrip-  
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## Church Directory.

### CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon,  
10:30 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at  
5:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Gossan, pastor.

### CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Services preached every morning and evening,  
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting  
Thursday night.

### MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services around Saturday evening and Sunday  
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night.

### M. E. CHURCH.

Services first Sunday each month. Sunday  
school at 10:30 a. m.

### ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,  
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30  
a. m. W. W. Dancy, pastor.

### ST. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sun-  
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

### Methodist.

### BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning  
and evening by T. N. Compson. Prayer-meeting  
Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every  
Sunday morning at 9:30.

### CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by Elder F. L. Payne. Prayer-  
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school  
every Sunday morning at 9:30.

### M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by T. C. Peters. Prayer-  
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every  
Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

### CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching every second and third Lord's day,  
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-  
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at  
9:30 a. m.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30.  
Prayer meeting third Sunday afternoon at 4  
o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. Church.

### St. Luke's Directory.

### E. W. TURNER, LODGE, No. 48, F. & A. M.

Stated meetings the first and  
third Thursdays in each month at 7:30 p.  
m. Transient brethren cordially invited.  
C. H. Hunt, Secretary.

### ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 49, F. & A. M.

O. O. F. Meetings every Tuesday night  
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially  
invited to attend. Mrs. J. E. Day, C. T.  
C. H. Hunt, Secretary.

### HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 50, F. & A. M.

Stated meetings every Wednesday evening  
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren especially  
invited to attend. Mrs. J. E. Day, C. T.  
C. H. Hunt, Secretary.

### VICTORIA LODGE, No. 51, KNIGHTS OF

PYTHAGORAS, meets every Monday night in the  
Masonic building. All members of the order are  
cordially invited to attend.

Travis D. Harris, C. of R. and S.  
HOPKINS LODGE, No. 51, A. O. U. W. meets  
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m.  
Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.  
T. G. Terry, Recorder.

### Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at  
the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night.  
All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings  
begin at 8 o'clock.

### Official Directory.

State.  
Governor—John Young Brown.  
Lieutenant Governor—Charles C. Alford.  
Secretary of State—John W. Headley.  
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.  
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Evans.  
Inspector General—W. J. Hendricks.  
Sheriff—L. C. Norman.  
Treasurer—H. S. Hale.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter  
Thompson.

Register Land Officers—Green B. Swager.  
Insurance Commissioners—Henry F. Duncan;  
Deputy Commissioner—T. J. Hayes.  
Adjutant General—J. C. Gross.  
Assistant Adjutant General—F. B. Richardson.  
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David C. McDowell.  
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt;  
Judges, W. S. Pryor, Cassell, Bennett, W. H. Holt;  
Judges, W. H. Holt, Clerk, A. Adams.  
Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour;  
Judges, W. H. Holt, Jr., Jos. Barbour, J. H. West.  
Librarian—Mrs. Mary Brown Day.  
Public Printer and Binder—E. Robt. Johnson.  
State Geologist—John R. Proctor.  
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.  
Railroad Commissioner—L. A. Spaulding, W. B.  
Fleming, G. M. Adams.

### County.

Judge of Circuit Court—C. J. Pratt.  
Commonwealth's Attorney—T. T. Gray.  
Circuit Court Clerk—John Crutcher.  
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.  
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.  
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.  
Sheriff—L. C. Tapp.  
Jailer—Daniel Brown.  
Superintendent of Schools—J. Glenn  
Gordon—L. D. H. Rodgers.

### MAGISTRATES.

Circuit District—L. F. Bailey, E. C. Albion.  
Court House District—S. D. Dughill, T. R. Card-  
well.

District—J. W. Simon, J. W. Jones.  
Nebo District—H. F. Porter, A. K. Key.  
Franklin District—J. C. Lewis, C. Franklin.  
Dulton District—John Fitzsimmons, E. C. Kirk-  
wood.  
Abingford District—J. H. Hanson, W. L. Davis.  
Kilchen District—H. F. Boardland, Jas. Priest.  
St. Charles District—K. L. Salmon, J. H. Fox.

## A SONG OF PROPHECY.

This song fell on my ears what time  
I heard the bells of midnight chime;

"I, who come with hands well laden,  
With gifts for the far and the near,  
For prophet and priest, for sage and maiden  
I am the glad New Year.

Listen, O world, to the song I sing you—  
Sweeter music can never be—  
Open your hands to the good I bring you,  
Open your souls to my prophecy.

"Wonderful ships that, long belated,  
Have drifted the wide sea o'er,  
With blessings for which the world has  
waited,

Shall speedily find your shore.  
The dreamer shall walk in fields elysian,  
Right shall be lord of wrong,  
The seer shall give you his truest vision,  
And the singer his sweetest song.

"Such treasures as never were mined or  
minted  
Shall come to the waiting hands;  
Beauty and truth and love unstinted  
Shall brighten and bless the lands.  
Noble thoughts to brave deeds growing  
Shall see true victories won;  
The perfect fruit of patient sowing  
Shall ripen beneath my sun.

"A sigh, if you will, for the king departed,  
(In the song let the sigh be drowned)  
Then lift your eyes, all happy hearted,  
To me, the kind new-crowned.

In sweet allegiance swift and willing,  
O world, clasp hands with me;  
Help, I pray, to the best fulfilling  
Of promise and prophecy."

This song fell on my ears what time  
I heard the bells of midnight chime.  
I dare not say, nor yet deny,  
That time the words will verify,  
But this I know, 'tis well to clasp  
The hands of hope in daily grasp;  
'Tis well when we wup on sorrows  
To dream of fair and glad to-morrows.

Hail, then, to him whose reign means  
Blessing or bane from sea to sea!  
Hail him gladly, O world, and bring  
Your pledge of faith to the new-crowned  
king!

With eager feet to the purer height,  
Walk in his promised broader light;  
Seek the gleam in the dim afar,  
Of his whitest sail, of his brightest star;  
With love and faith, while the glad bells  
chime  
Hail him, this latest child of time!

CHARLOTTE PERRY.

## CRUTCHY.

### A Story of Two New Years.

BY EVA DESR.

"Buy my last paper, 'm?' The  
voice has the tremulous quaver of  
mendicant, and moves me not a  
whit. They are all alike with their  
stock in trade, their whines, their  
plea, their artful endeavor to work  
up one's sympathies; and I move  
on through the darkening twilight  
of a bitterly cold New Year's eve,  
until the sound of a persistent  
"stump, stump" beside me, and the  
sight of a pair of eyes, hollow,  
yet radiant, lighted suddenly into star-  
ry reflectors by the coming of their  
owner into the glare of an electric  
lamp, cause me to stop at once.

It is a girl, I perceive: a girl up-  
on crutches. Her rags are mani-  
fest, her cloak a farce; a tattered  
bit of wool is wound about her  
head, and in each naked, red hand  
is grasped the cross-piece of a rude  
crutch.

"Buy my last paper, 'm?' I call  
about—" but what she says chills  
me more than night winds. From  
her blue childish lips comes a glib  
enumeration of crimes no child  
should know—crimes from which a  
seasoned sinner might well recoil—  
intelligence of most satanic nature—  
and yet I feel that her own utter-  
ances touch herself no more for  
harm than do the foul waters the  
waxen petals of the lilies they up-  
bear.

"Who are you, child?" I ask.

"Crutchy. Won't you buy my  
last paper?"

"Yes; but that's not enough. I—  
I—" stammering, because I feel  
that I am about to do one of those  
very foolish, impulsive things im-  
puted by my little world at large—  
"I should like to buy you.

"Me?"

"Yes. Are you for sale, Crutchy?"

"Not regularly across a counter,  
'm,' rejoins Crutchy, in quick re-  
sponse to the suspicion of drollery  
in my mood. "It's as 'd be sold,  
'm, if you was to buy me. I'd go  
dirt cheap, though, and willin'."

"It's a bargain," I laugh, and  
down the street we tramp together.

"He'll be glad if I never come  
back," vouchsafed my new posses-  
sion. "He hates me. Men allus  
hates women, doesn't they."

I glance down at Crutchy in sur-  
prise. But my surprise vanishes  
as I note the child is older than I  
thought—a great girl, in fact, but  
not in stature.

"Who is 'he,' Crutchy? The  
clerk to whom I must render the  
payment for my new purchase?"

"He's gran'dad; but he can't sell  
me. 'Sides'—and the starry eyes  
close sufficiently to twinkle—"he'd  
be too drunk to make change!

I am already glad that I have

bargained for Crutchy. My intu-  
ition never fails me, however mad,  
at times, my impulses seem. I like  
my new little bundle of ready re-  
sponses; but how about Keith?

Keith laughs, when at home at  
last, I tell him what I have done;  
calls me all sorts of fond, nonsens-  
ical names, and a little later, leaves  
me with my "odd idea" to go to  
the club.

"You'll not stay long, Keith?" I  
ask.

"Can't promise, dear, really.  
There are a lot of fellows of the  
legion to be on hand to-night—"

"Of the legion, Keith—that old  
Parisian mob?"

"Hot ha—mob! You're not  
jealous of the legion, are you, little  
woman?"

I am. But pride will not allow  
me to be candid. Let him go to  
legion—am I not his first thought  
for all those gay Bohemians?

"Can't have a new idea"—all  
things to Keith are, in some sort,  
ideas,—and he means to parade it.  
"Big canvas,—weird subject,—Ring  
of Death," or something of the sort.

"I like your sort so much bet-  
ter, Keith.

"What—The willows green, the  
pebbles white, the stream a line of  
glittering light?"

"For shame, Keith! Where did  
you find that, you—"

"On the floor. Debris from your  
desk, I presume. Allow me to  
continue: 'The low hills wrapped  
in purple mist; the mountain tops  
the sun has kissed—"

"Keith! Keith! go to your legion  
—are you utterly without heart?"

"She asks me that who captured  
it! Oh, come, little woman, the  
rhymes are not so bad. I've heard  
worse.

Keith sleeps so late next morn-  
ing that I have time to make a pil-  
grimage to a bazar where ready-  
made clothing is obtainable, return  
with divers packages and trick out  
the floatant washed to me by des-  
tiny's waves from the ocean of life,  
before my husband makes his ap-  
pearance.

As he enters the room, I—  
sately and formally introduce her  
to my lord and master. She lifts  
her great, bright eyes, and it would  
seem, takes his measure at a glance.  
My senses being keen, I instinct-  
ively feel that Keith does not im-  
press her as I have hoped—as I  
have been sure—he would. As if  
to find an answer to my unformed  
question in his face, I look at him.  
God help me!—the answer is there  
—speaking from the dull, bleared  
eyes, from the lax, unsteady lips,  
from the red, bloated cheeks, from  
the breath—but let what I have  
named suffice!

"Odd little beast—comic—make  
good model!"

"Keith!

But the eyes have closed before  
my cry is ended. With a moan I  
turn and kneel before Crutchy, her  
arm around me, my head pillowed  
upon her hollow little breast.

From whence came that myste-  
rious influence that brought to-  
gether two atoms for mutual good  
—Crutchy and me? In the hours,  
the days, the weeks that pass, no  
mother could console me as does  
this crippled child. The hideous-  
ness of inebriety is no new thing to  
her. Her face is a barometer. I  
fall to reading, and confident am I  
that hope is near if a smile be in  
the ascendant.

It is smiling often of late, for  
Keith is working pretty hard upon  
a new picture. Crutchy is his mod-  
el. When his hands are firm and  
steady the bright eyes grow in  
radiance, and all their dazzling  
beauty is caught upon the canvas;  
when they tremble and lose their  
cunning then Crutchy comes to me,  
and there's nothing I can do but  
bless my little New Year's gift.

My small inheritance is all gone  
—Keith's money nearly so, and  
shorter commons than those to  
which we've either of us been ever  
used, is quite the order of our  
present day. Our last domestic  
tic takes her leave, and Crutchy  
and I vie with each other in the  
culinary art.

"Rice is cheap eatin', and a slice  
o' toast. Tea's to excitin' to the  
nerves—"

"And depressing to the purse,  
eh, Crutchy?"

The picture is finished. Keith  
takes it to the exhibition and comes  
home elated. It is accepted and  
will be put upon the line. The de-  
mon of strong drink had not been  
seen for several weeks. Crutchy's  
face is aglow with happiness, and I  
am coming to my old, gay self,  
much as a storm-blown vessel rights  
herself upon a calming sea.

"Our idea" is the center of at-  
traction in the great art exhibition.  
Crutchy's pictured eyes go to the  
heart of a certain dealer. Keith,  
though offered a pretty penny, holds  
to a fixed price, and one night  
brings the great sum home with  
him.

"My little woman shall have her  
old servants back again; and  
Crutchy shall have her wheeled  
chair," cried Keith, flourishing a  
fistful of bills.

Full of our joy, we women indulge  
in a little dissipation; steaming  
coffee, and such chops as Keith af-  
fects, are set upon our lately frugal  
board.

"And what color shall be the up-  
holstering of the wheeled chair,  
Crutchy?" asks our hero, helping  
himself to another juicy chop.

"I must sleep on that," says  
Crutchy, the quaint.

"On the color of the chair? Ha!  
ha! Well, little woman, it's not  
everybody that has so many thou-  
sands in the house over night—in-  
deed, it isn't the safest thing imag-  
inable to entertain this sort of a  
visitor—did outsiders but know of  
it! However, I've been carefully  
mum, and we're comparatively safe.  
I'll put it all—save this five—in  
the desk upstairs, and to-morrow  
I'll bank it, bright and early. And  
now I must leave you. Promised  
to meet my benevolent patron at  
the club, and talk over a new idea.

"Ke—" but I close my lips in  
time. I should be a criminal to  
suggest such an awful possibility  
as has flown like a devil into my  
brain. "Good-by, old boy, and do  
not stay too long away, for Crutchy  
and I are a slim battalion to cope  
against any burglarizing foe.

That long, long night my search-  
ing hand touched an empty pillow.  
Keith does not come home. The  
morning dawns. Crutchy crawls  
downstairs, looking white and hag-  
gard; evidently she has slept as lit-  
tle as have I. At noon we hear  
the stopping of a vehicle; my hus-  
band is brought home. We pay  
the men for their services and turn  
to face our grief. The money has  
been too much for him—his slavish  
friends too seductive; we see it  
all, Crutchy and I, and sit there,  
silent in our anguish.